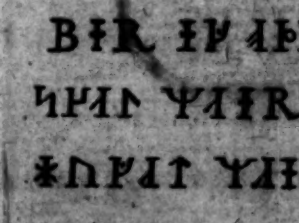
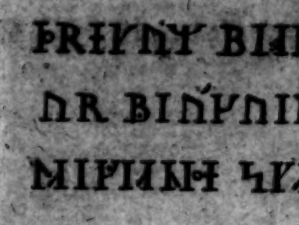
FIVE PIECES OF RUNIC POETRY

Translated from the ISLANDIC LANGUAGE.



Egill's Ode.



Regner's Ode.

——Populi, quos despicit Arctos,
Felices errore suo, quos ille timorum
Maximus haud urget leti metus: inde ruendi
In ferrum mens prona viris, animæque capaces
Mortis; et ignavum redituræ parcere vitæ.

LUCAN.

LONDON:
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MD CC LXIII.

3 Gc

MVSEVM
BRITAN
NICVM

N. B. THIS LITTE TRACT WAS DRAWN UP FOR THE PRESS IN THE YEAR 1761: BUT THE PUBLICATION HAS BEEN DELAYED BY AN ACCIDENT.

PREFACE.

THE ancient inhabitants of the northern parts of Europe are generally known under no other character than that of a hardy and unpoliſhed race, who ſubdued all the ſouthern nations by dint of courage and of numbers. Their valour, their ferocity, their contempt of death, and paſſion for liberty, form the outlines of the picture we commonly draw of them: and if we ſometimes revere them for that generous plan of government which they every where eſtabliſhed, we cannot help lamenting that they raiſed the fabric upon the ruins of literature and the fine arts.

Yet is there one feature of their character of a more amiable caſt; which, tho' not ſo generally known, no leſs belongs

to them: and that is, an amazing fondneſs for poetry. It will be thought a paradox, that the ſame people, whoſe furious ravages deſtroyed the laſt poor remains of expiring genius among the Romans, ſhould cheriſh it with all poſſible care among their own countrymen: yet ſo it was. At leaſt this was the caſe among the ancient Danes, and from the ſimilarity of their religion, manners, and cuſtoms, is equally credible of the other nations of Teutonic race.

The ancient inhabitants of Sweden, Denmark and Norway retained their original manners and cuſtoms longer than any other of the Gothic tribes, and brought them down nearer to our own times. The remoteneſs of their ſituation rendered acceſs to them ſlow and difficult: nor was it till the tenth and eleventh centuries that chriſti-

chriſtianity had gained an eſtabliſhment among them. Hence it is that we are better acquainted with the peculiarities of their character, and have more of their original compoſitions handed down to us, than of any other of the northern nations.

Of theſe compoſitions a great multitude are extant, ſome of them in print, others preſerved in MS in the libraries of the north. All of them demonſtrate that poetry was once held there in the higheſt eſtimation. The invention of it was attributed to the gods, and ranked among the moſt valuable gifts conferred on mortals. Thoſe that excelled in it, were diſtinguiſhed by the firſt honours of the ſtate: were conſtant attendants on their kings, and were often employed on the moſt important commiſſions. Theſe bards were called by the

ſignificant name of SCALD, *a word which implies "a ſmoother or poliſher of lan-"guage."* *

The LANGUAGE *in which their productions are preſerved, and which once prevailed pretty extenſively in the north, is commonly called* ISLANDIC: *Iceland being the place where it was ſuppoſed to be ſpoken in the greateſt purity, and where it is to this day in uſe. The Islandic is the mother of the modern Swediſh and Daniſh tongues, in like manner as the Anglo-ſaxon is the parent of our Engliſh. Both theſe mother-tongues are dialects of the ancient Gothic or Teutonic; and of ſo near affinity, that, in the opinion of*

* SKALLD a depilando dicti videntur, quod rudem orationem tanquam evulſis pilis perpoliunt. *Torfæi Præfat. ad Orcades.*

The name of BARD alſo [Isl. *Barda*] was not unknown among the Islandic poets.

the

the learned, what was ſpoken in one of them, was without much difficulty underſtood by thoſe, who uſed the other. Hence it is, that ſuch as ſtudy the originals of our own language have conſtantly found it neceſſary to call in the aſſiſtance of this ancient ſiſter dialect.

The CHARACTERS, *in which this language was originally written, were called* RUNIC; *from an Islandic word that ſignifies a* FURROW*. *As the materials uſed for writing in the firſt rude ages were only wood or ſtone, the convenience of ſculpture required that the ſtrokes ſhould run chiefly in ſtrait lines; and the reſemblance to plowing ſuggeſted the appellation. The word Runic was at firſt applied to the letters only; tho' later*

* RYN *Sulcus.* Vid. Olaij Wormij Literat. Runica. 1636. 4to. p. 2, 3.

writers have extended it to the verſes written in them.

A few ſpecimens of theſe are now offered to the public. It would be as vain to deny, as it is perhaps impolitic to mention, that this attempt is owing to the ſucceſs of the ERSE *fragments. It is by no means for the intereſt of this little work, to have it brought into a compariſon with thoſe beautiful pieces, after which it muſt appear to the greateſt diſadvantage. And yet till the Tranſlator of thoſe poems thinks proper to produce his originals, it is impoſſible to ſay whether they do not owe their ſuperiority, if not their whole exiſtence entirely to himſelf. The Editor of theſe pieces had no ſuch boundleſs field for licence. Every poem here produced has been already publiſhed accompanied with a Latin or Swe-*

diſh

diſh verſion; by which every deviation would at once be detected. It behoved him therefore to be as exact as poſſible. Sometimes indeed, where a ſentence was obſcure, he hath ventured to drop it, and the aſteriſks which occur will denote ſuch omiſſions. Sometimes for the ſake of perſpicuity it was neceſſary to alter the arrangement of a period; and ſometimes to throw in a few explanatory words: and even once or twice to ſubſtitute a more ſimple expreſſion inſtead of the complex and enigmatic phraſe of the original.

For the reader muſt be informed that the productions of the Islandic poets, tho' quite original and underived, are far from being ſo eaſy and ſimple as might be expected: on the contrary, no compoſitions abound with more laboured metaphors, or more ſtudied refinements. A proof that

poetry

poetry had been cultivated among them for many ages. That daring ſpirit and vigour of imagination, which diſtinguiſhed the northern warriors, naturally inclined them to bold and ſwelling figures: and as their mythology was grown very extenſive and complicated, the frequent alluſions to it could not but be a great ſource of obſcurity to modern readers. It was the conſtant ſtudy of the northern SCALDS *to lift their poetic ſtyle as much as poſſible above that of their proſe. So that they had at length formed to themſelves in verſe a kind of new language *, in which every idea was expreſſed by a peculiar term, never admitted into their ordinary converſe. Some of theſe terms are founded on their mythology or the fa-*

* Called by them, after the manner of the ancient Greeks, (*Aſom-maal,*) THE LANGUAGE OF THE GODS.

bulous

bulous hiſtory of their gods: and others on ſome fancied analogy or reſemblance. Thus if an Islandic poet had occaſion to mention a rainbow, he called it, The bridge of the gods; *if gold,* The tears of Freya; *if poeſy,* The gift of Odin. *The earth was indifferently termed,* Odin's ſpouſe; the daughter of night, *or* the veſſel that floats on the ages: *In like manner a battle was to be ſtyled,* The bath of blood; The ſtorm of Odin; *or* the claſh of bucklers: *the ſea,* The field of pirates, *or* the girdle of the earth. *Ice was not inſignificantly named;* The greateſt of bridges: *a ſhip,* The horſe of the waves, *&c.* †

From the following ſpecimens it will be

† See theſe and more inſtances in a very elegant *French* book lately publiſhed in *Denmark*, and often quoted in the following pages, intitled *L' in-*

be found, that the poetry of the Scalds chiefly diſplays itſelf in images of terror. Death and war were their favourite ſubjects, and in expreſſions on this head their language is amazingly copious and fruitful. If in the following verſions there ſhould be found too frequent a recurrence of ſynonymous phraſes, it is entirely owing to the deficiency of our language, which did not afford a greater variety: for in the original the ſame thought is ſcarcely ever expreſſed twice in the ſame words. But tho' moſt of the Islandic poetry, that has been printed, is of the rougher caſt; we are not to ſuppoſe that the northern bards never addreſſed themſelves to the ſofter

L' introduction a l' hiſtoire de Dannemarc par le Chev. Mallet, 4*to*. Which contains a moſt curious and entertaining account of the ancient manners, cuſtoms, religion and mythology of the northern nations; beſides many ſtriking ſpecimens of their compoſition. A tranſlation of this work is in great forwardneſs, and will ſpeedily be publiſhed.

paſſions,

paſſions, or that they did not leave behind them many pieces on the gentler ſubjects of love or friendſhip. The misfortune has been, that their compoſitions have fallen into the hands of none but profeſſed antiquarians: and theſe have only ſelected ſuch poems for publication as confirmed ſome fact in hiſtory, or ſerved to throw light on the antiquities of their country.

*The Editor was in ſome doubt whether he ſhould ſubjoin or ſuppreſs the originals. But as they lie within little compaſs, and as the books whence they are extracted are very ſcarce, he was tempted to add them as vouchers for the authenticity of his verſion. They have alſo a further uſe.—It has been ſaid by ſome critics * that the prevalence of rhyme in European poetry was de-*

* CRESCEMBENI, *&c.*

rived

rived from the Latin hymns, invented by the monks in the fourth and fifth centuries: but from the original of EGILL'S ODE, *it will be ſeen that the ancient Gothic poets occaſionally uſed rhime with all the variety and exactneſs of our niceſt moderns, long before their converſion to chriſtianity; and therefore were not likely to adopt it from the monks; a race of men, whom they were either unacquainted with, or held in deriſion* †.

Upon the whole, it is hoped that the few pages aſſigned to the Islandic originals will not be thought an uſeleſs incumbrance by any readers; but it is preſumed will be peculiarly acceptable to ſuch curious perſons, as ſtudy the ancient languages of the north. To theſe gentlemen this ſmall publication is inſcribed:

† *Vide infra pag.* 32.

One of the moſt learned and moſt eminent among them has honoured it ſo far as to compare the verſions every where with the originals. But this was a ſmall exertion of that extenſive ſkill in languages, which the public has ſeen diſplayed with ſo much advantage in the fine editions of JUNIUS's ETYMOLOGICON *and the* GOTHIC GOSPELS—*That the ſtudy of ancient northern literature hath its important uſes has been often evinced by able writers* *: *and that it is not dry or unamuſive this little work it is hoped will demonſtrate. Its aim at leaſt is to ſhew, that if thoſe kind of ſtudies are not always employed on works of taſte or claſſic elegance, they ſerve at leaſt to unlock the treaſures of native genius; they preſent us with frequent ſallies of bold imagi-*

* See Dr. Hickes's *Diſſertatio Epiſtolaris, &c.*

nation,

nation, and conſtantly afford matter for philoſophical reflection by ſhowing the workings of the human mind in its almoſt original ſtate of nature.

ERRATA.

Page 89. col. 1. line 20. lege
Fyrer Inndyris eium.

Page 94. col. 1. line 32. lege
Jofur ſueigde r.

(I.)

THE

INCANTATION

OF

HERVOR.

INTRODUCTION.

" ANDGRYM the grandfather
" of Hervor, was prince of a
" part of Sweden, now in the province
" of Smaland: He forcibly carried away
" out of Ruſſia Eyvor the daughter of
" Suafurlama, by whom he had twelve
" ſons, four whereof were Hervardur,
" Hiorvardur, Hrani, and Angantyr the
" father of Hervor. Theſe twelve bre-
" thren, according to the uſual practice
" of thoſe times, followed piracy. In
" one of their expeditions they landed
" in the territories of Hialmar king of
" Thulemark, where a fierce battle en-
" ſuing they all loſt their lives. An-
" gantyr fell the laſt of his brethren,
" having firſt with his own hand killed
" their adverſary Hialmar. They were

" buried in the field of battle, together
" with their arms: and it is at their
" tombs that Hervor, the daughter of
" Angantyr, who had taken a voyage
" thither on purpoſe, makes the follow-
" ing invocation."

" N. B. This Piece is publiſhed from
" the tranſlation of Dr. Hickes, with
" ſome conſiderable emendations; See
" his *Theſaurus Antiq. Literaturæ Sep-*
" *tentrion. Tom.* 1. *p.* 193.

" The *Hervarer Saga*, whence this
" poem is extracted, is an old Islandic
" hiſtory *, the author and date of
" which are unknown: but it is be-
" lieved, in general, to be of very great

* *Saga* in the Iſlandic language ſignifies A HISTORY, &c.

" anti-

" antiquity. It records the atchieve-
" ments of Hervor, a celebrated nor-
" thern heroine, as alſo the exploits of
" her anceſtors and deſcendants, in Swe-
" den and other northern countries. It
" was printed in a thin folio vol. at
" Upſal in 1672, with a Swediſh ver-
" ſion and Latin notes by Olaus Vere-
" lius: and contains many other pieces
" of Runic poetry."

" *To prevent as much as poſſible the*
" *interruption of notes, it was thought*
" *proper to premiſe a few miſcellaneous*
" *obſervations.*

I.

" THE northern nations held their
" Runic verſes in ſuch reverence,
" that they believed them ſufficient (pro-
" vided they were pronounced with great
" emotion of mind) to raiſe the ghoſts
" of the departed: and that without
" other magical rites, eſpecially if the
" the party had worked himſelf up in-

" to

" to a firm perſuaſion that it would hap-
" pen according to his deſires. ——
" Hervor therefore in the firſt ſtanza
" or ſtrophe calls upon her father to
" awake and deliver to her his ſword.
" —This not ſucceeding, in the next
" place ſhe adjures him and his bre-
" thren by all their arms, THE SHIELD,
" &c. —— Being ſtill unanſwered,
" ſhe wonders that her father and un-
" cles ſhould be ſo mouldered to duſt,
" as that nothing of them ſhould re-
" main, and adds, as it were by way of
" imprecation, SO MAY YOU ALL
" BE, &c. a form of conjuring not pe-
" culiar to this poem, Olaus Verelius
" quotes a like paſſage from another
" ancient piece to the following effect.

Alla quelie eitur ver
Innan riſia, oc veſta bal:

Nema ſuerdid ſelier mier
Samit rauda jotna mal.

" May the poiſon of ſerpents and noxious flames torment you all within your ribs, unleſs you deliver me the ſword adorned with gold."

Vid. Herv. Saga, pag. 100, *&c.*

II.

" By *Duergar* or DWARFS, the ancient Scandinavians did not understand human creatures defective in ſize or ſtature, but a diſtinct race of beings, a kind of leſſer demons, who inhabited the rocks and mountains, and were remarkably expert at forging weapons, that were proof againſt all force or fraud.——They meant

" meant by *dwarfs*, much the ſame as
" we do by *fairies*."

Olaus Ver. ad Her. Sag. p. 44. 45.
Hickes Theſ. tom. 2. *p.* 311.

III.

" As to what is ſaid in the ſecond ſtan-
" za, of their being buried UNDER THE
" ROOTS OF TREES. It may be ob-
" ſerved, that the northern nations, in
" the firſt ages, uſually burnt their
" dead: afterwards they buried them
" under a *barrow* or hillock of earth,
" &c. but no author mentions the roots
" of trees, as choſen particularly for the
" place of interment. There is, indeed,
" one inſtance of this to be found, in a
" fragment of an ancient Runic poem
" preſerved in the hiſtory of Snorro
" Sturleſon,

" Sturleſon, but it ſeems to be attended
" with circumſtances too particular to
" prove the generality of the practice."

——*Bith ofur capp,*
Auſtur konga &c.

" —THE eaſtern kings contended together with vehement rage, when the ſons of Yngvon hanged the generous king on a tree.

" AND there on a promontory is that ancient tree, on which the dead body was ſuſpended: where the promontory Straumyernes divides the bay; there, I ſay, expoſed to the winds, ſtands that moſt noted tree, remarkable for the tomb and monument * of the king."

Snorro Sturl. Hiſt. Reg. Sept. fol. p. 28.

* Or rather *barrow*, Lat. *tumulus*.

IV.

IV.

"THE northern nations believed that "the tombs of their heroes emitted a "kind of lambent flame, which was "always viſible in the night, and ſerv-"ed to guard the aſhes of the dead. "They called it *Hauga Elldr*, or THE "SEPULCHRAL FIRE. It was ſuppoſed "more particularly to ſurround ſuch "tombs as contained hidden treaſures." *Barthol. de contempt. a Dan. Mort. p.* 275.

V.

"MOST of the proper names in the "ancient northern languages were "ſignificant. Thus *Angantyr* ſignifies "One who bravely does his duty." *Her-vardur*, "A preſerver of the army." *Hior-vardur*, "A keeper of the ſword." *&c.* *Vid. Ol. Verel. ad Herv. Saga, p.* 49.

THE INCANTATION OF HERVOR.

AWAKE, Angantyr; Hervor, the only daughter of thee and Suafu, doth awaken thee. Give me, out of the tomb, the hardened ſword, which the dwarfs made for Suafurlama.

Hervardur, Hiorvardur, Hrani, and Angantyr; with helmet and coat of mail, and a ſharp ſword; with ſhield and accoutrements and bloody ſpear, I wake you all under the roots of trees.

ARE the ſons of Andgrym, who delighted in miſchief, now become duſt and aſhes? Can none of Eyvor's ſons now ſpeak with me out of the habitations of the dead? Hervardur, Hiorvardur!

So may you all be, within your ribs, as a thing that is hanged up to putrefy among inſects, unleſs you deliver me the ſword, which the dwarfs made, * * * and the glorious belt.

[HERE the tomb opens, the inſide of which appears all on fire, and the following words are ſung out of the tomb.]

ANGANTYR.

DAUGHTER Hervor, full of ſpells to raiſe the dead, why doeſt thou call ſo? Wilt

Wilt thou run on to thy own miſchief? Thou art mad and out of thy ſenſes, who art deſperately reſolved to waken dead men.

I was not buried either by father or other friends: two which lived after me got Tirfing; one of whom is now poſſeſſor thereof *.

HERVOR.

Thou doſt not tell the truth. So let Odin preſerve thee ſafe in the tomb, as thou haſt not Tirfing by thee. Art thou unwilling, Angantyr, to give an inheritance to thy only child?

AN-

* This is ſaid merely to make her deſiſt from her purpoſe; as foreſeeing it will prove fatal to her poſterity.

Tirfing is the name of the ſword. The etymology of this word is not known.

ANGANTYR.

I will tell thee, Hervor, what will come to paſs: this Tirfing will, if thou doſt believe me, deſtroy almoſt all thy offspring. Thou ſhalt have a ſon, who afterwards muſt poſſeſs Tirfing, and many think he will be called Heidrek by the people.

HERVOR.

I do by inchantments make that the dead ſhall never enjoy reſt, unleſs Angantyr deliver me Tirfing; that cleaveth ſhields, and killed Hialmar.

ANGANTYR.

YOUNG maid, I ſay, thou art of manlike courage, who doſt rove about by night to tombs, with ſpear engraven with

with magic ſpells *, with helmet and coat of mail, before the door of our hall.

HERVOR.

I took thee for a brave man, before I found out your hall. Give me, out of the tomb, the workmanſhip of the dwarfs, which hateth all coats of mail. It is not good for thee to hide it.

ANGANTYR.

The death of Hialmar lies under my ſhoulders: it is all wrapt up in fire: I know no maid, in any country, that dares take this ſword in hand.

* It was uſual with the northern warriors to inſcribe Runic characters on their weapons, to prevent their being dulled or blunted by inchantment, as alſo to give them a keenneſs and ſtrength which nothing could reſiſt. *Ol. Verel. pag.* 101.

HERVOR.

I ſhall keep and take in my hand the ſharp ſword, if I may obtain it. I do not think that fire will burn, which plays about the ſight of deceaſed men.

ANGANTYR.

O conceited Hervor, thou art mad: rather than thou, in a moment, ſhouldeſt fall into the fire, I will give thee the ſword out of the tomb, young maid; and not hide it from thee.

[Here the ſword was delivered to Hervor out of the tomb, who proceeds thus.]

HERVOR.

Thou didſt well, thou offspring of heroes, that thou didſt ſend me the ſword

out

out of the tomb; I am now better pleaſed, O prince, to have it, than if I had gotten all Norway.

ANGANTYR.

Falſe woman, thou doſt not underſtand that thou ſpeakeſt fooliſhly of that in which thou doeſt rejoice: for Tirfing ſhall, if thou doeſt believe me, maid, deſtroy all thy offspring.

HERVOR.

I muſt go to my ſeamen. Here I have no mind to ſtay longer. Little do I care, O royal anceſtor, about what my ſons may hereafter quarrel.

ANGANTYR.

Take and keep Hialmar's bane, which thou ſhalt long have and enjoy:

touch but the edges of it, there is poiſon in them both: it is a moſt cruel devourer of men.

HERVOR.

I ſhall keep, and take in hand, the ſharp ſword, which thou haſt ſet me have: I do not fear, O ſlain father, about what my ſons may hereafter quarrel.

ANGANTYR.

Farewel, daughter: I do quickly give thee twelve men's death: if thou canſt believe with might and courage: even all the goods, which Andgrym's ſons left behind them.

HERVOR.

Dwell all of you ſafe in the tomb. I muſt be gone, and haſten hence; for I ſeem to be in the midſt of a place where fire burneth round about me.

THE

(II.)

THE DYING ODE OF REGNER LODBROG.

INTRODUCTION.

" KING Regner Lodbrog was a
" celebrated Poet, Warrior, and
" (what was the ſame thing in thoſe
" ages) Pirate; who reigned in Denmark,
" about the beginning of the ninth cen-
" tury. After many warlike expeditions
" by ſea and land, he at length met with
" bad fortune. He was taken in battle by
" his adverſary Ella king of Northum-
" berland. War in thoſe rude ages was
" carried on with the ſame inhumani-
" ty, as it is now among the ſavages of
" North-America: their priſoners were
" only reſerved to be put to death with
" torture. Regner was accordingly
" thrown into a dungeon to be ſtung

" to death by ſerpents. While he was
" dying he compoſed this ſong, where-
" in he records all the valiant atchieve-
" ments of his life, and threatens Ella
" with vengeance; which hiſtory in-
" forms us was afterwards executed by
" the ſons of Regner.

" It is, after all, conjectured that Reg-
" ner himſelf only compoſed a few ſtan-
" zas of this poem, and that the reſt
" were added by his *Scald* or poet-
" laureat, whoſe buſineſs it was to add
" to the ſolemnities of his funeral by
" ſinging ſome poem in his praiſe.

L'Edda par Chev. Mallet. p. 150.

" This piece is tranſlated from the
" Islandic original publiſhed by Olaus
" Wormius in his *Literatura Runica*,
" *Hafniæ*

" *Hafniæ 4to.* 1631.—*Ibidem, 2. Edit.*
" *Fol.* 1651.

" N. B. Thora, mentioned in the
" firſt ſtanza, was daughter of ſome
" little Gothic prince, whoſe palace
" was infeſted by a large ſerpent; he
" offered his daughter in marriage to
" any one that would kill the monſter
" and ſet her free. Regner accom-
" pliſhed the atchievement and acquir-
" ed the name of *Lod-brog*, which ſig-
" nifies ROUGH or HAIRY-BREECHES,
" becauſe he cloathed himſelf all over
" in rough or hairy ſkins before he
" made the attack. [*Vide Saxon Gram.*
" *pag.* 152, 153.]——This is the poe-
" tical

" tical account of this adventure: but
" hiſtory informs us that Thora was
" kept priſoner by one of her father's
" vaſſals, whoſe name was *Orme* or
" SERPENT, and that it was from this
" man that Regner delivered her, clad
" in the aforeſaid ſhaggy armour. But
" he himſelf chuſes to commemorate it
" in the moſt poetical manner."

Vide Chev. Mallet Introd. à l' Hiſt. de Dannemarc. pag. 201.

THE

THE DYING ODE OF REGNER LODBROG.

WE fought with ſwords: * * * when in Gothland I ſlew an enormous ſerpent: my reward was the beauteous Thora. Thence I was deemed a man: they called me Lodbrog from that ſlaughter. * * * I thruſt the monſter through with my ſpear, with the ſteel productive of ſplendid rewards.

We fought with ſwords: I was very young, when towards the Eaſt, in the ſtraights of Eirar, we gained rivers of blood

blood * for the ravenous wolf: ample food for the yellow-footed fowl. There the hard iron ſung upon the lofty helmets. The whole ocean was one wound. The raven waded in the blood of the ſlain.

We fought with ſwords: we lifted high our lances; when I had numbered twenty years, and every where acquired great renown. We conquered eight barons at the mouth of the Danube. We procured ample entertainment for the eagle in that ſlaughter. Bloody ſweat fell in the ocean of wounds. A hoſt of men there loſt their lives.

* Literally "Rivers of wounds."——
By the yellow-footed fowl is meant the eagle.

We fought with ſwords: we enjoyed the fight, when we ſent the inhabitants of Helſing to the habitation of the gods †. We ſailed up the Viſtula. Then the ſword acquired ſpoils: the whole ocean was one wound: the earth grew red with reeking gore: the ſword grinned at the coats of mail: the ſword cleft the ſhields aſunder.

We fought with ſwords: I well remember that no one fled that day in the battle before in the ſhips Herauder fell. There does not a fairer warrior divide the ocean with his veſſels. * * * This prince ever brought to the battle a gallant heart.

† Literally, "to the hall of Odin."

We

We fought with ſwords: the army caſt away their ſhields. Then flew the ſpear to the breaſts of the warriors. The ſword in the fight cut the very rocks: the ſhield was all beſmeared with blood, before king Rafno fell, our foe. The warm ſweat run down from the heads on the coats of mail.

We fought with ſwords, before the iſles of Indir. We gave ample prey for the ravens to rend in pieces: a banquet for the wild beaſts that feed on fleſh. At that time all were valiant: it were difficult to ſingle out any one. At the riſing of the ſun, I ſaw the lances pierce: the bows darted the arrows from them.

We fought with ſwords: loud was the

the din * of arms; before king Eiſtin fell in the field. Thence, enriched with golden ſpoils, we marched to fight in the land of Vals. There the ſword cut the painted ſhields †. In the meeting of helmets, the blood ran from the wounds: it ran down from the cloven ſculls of men.

We fought with ſwords, before Boring-holmi. We held bloody ſhields: we ſtained our ſpears. Showers of arrows brake the ſhield in pieces. The bow ſent forth the glittering ſteel. Volnir fell in the conflict, than whom there was not a greater king. Wide on the

* Din is the word in the Islandic original. *Dinn greniudu brottam.*

† Literally, "the paintings of the ſhields."

ſhores

ſhores lay the ſcattered dead: the wolves rejoiced over their prey.

We fought with ſwords, in the Flemings land: the battle widely raged before king Freyr fell therein. The blue ſteel all reeking with blood fell at length upon the golden mail. Many a virgin bewailed the ſlaughter of that morning. The beaſts of prey had ample ſpoil.

We fought with ſwords, before Ainglanes. There ſaw I thouſands lie dead in the ſhips: we ſailed to the battle for ſix days before the army fell. There we celebrated a *maſs* of weapons *. At the

* This is intended for a ſneer on the Chriſtian religion, which tho' it had not gained any footing in the northern nations, when this Ode was written, was not wholly unknown to them. Their piratical

riſing of the ſun Valdiofur fell before our ſwords.

We fought with ſwords, at Bardafyrda. A ſhower of blood rained from our weapons. Headlong fell the palid corpſe a prey for the hawks. The bow gave a twanging ſound. The blade ſharply bit the coats of mail: it bit the helmet in the fight. The arrow ſharp with poiſon and all beſprinkled with bloody ſweat ran to the wound.

We fought with ſwords, before the bay of Hiadning. We held aloft magic ſhields in the play of battle. Then

piratical expeditions into the ſouthern countries had given them ſome notion of it, but by no means a favourable one: they conſidered it as the religion of cowards, becauſe it would have corrected their ſavage manners.

might you ſee men, who rent ſhields with their ſwords. The helmets were ſhattered in the murmur of the warriors. The pleaſure of that day was like having a fair virgin placed beſide one in the bed.

We fought with ſwords, in the Northumbrian land. A furious ſtorm deſcended on the ſhields: many a lifeleſs body fell to the earth. It was about the time of the morning, when the foe was compelled to fly in the battle. There the ſword ſharply bit the poliſhed helmet. The pleaſure of that day was like kiſſing a young widow at the higheſt ſeat of the table.

We fought with ſwords, in the iſles of the ſouth. There Herthioſe proved

victorious: there died many of our valiant warriors. In the ſhower of arms Rogvaldur fell: I loſt my ſon. In the play of arms came the deadly ſpear: his lofty creſt was dyed with gore. The birds of prey bewailed his fall: they loſt him that prepared them banquets.

We fought with ſwords, in the Iriſh plains. The bodies of the warriors lay intermingled. The hawk rejoiced at the play of ſwords. The Iriſh king did not act the part of the eagle * * *. Great was the conflict of ſword and ſhield. King Marſtan was killed in the bay: he was given a prey to the hungry ravens.

We fought with ſwords: the ſpear

reſounded: the banners ſhone * upon the coats of mail. I ſaw many a warrior fall in the morning: many a hero in the contention of arms. Here the ſword reached betimes the heart of my ſon: it was Egill deprived Agnar of life. He was a youth, who never knew what it was to fear.

We fought with ſwords, at Skioldunga. We kept our words: we carved out with our weapons a plenteous banquet for the wolves of the ſea †. The ſhips were all beſmeared with crimſon, as if for many days the maidens had brought and poured forth wine. All rent was the mail in the claſh of arms.

* Or more properly "reflected the ſunſhine upon the coat of mail."

† A poetical name for the fiſhes of prey.

We

We fought with ſwords; when Harold fell. I ſaw him ſtrugling in the twilight of death; that young chief ſo proud of his flowing locks *: he who ſpent his mornings among the young maidens: he who loved to converſe with the handſome widows. * * * *

We fought with ſwords: we fought three kings in the iſle of Lindis. Few had reaſon to rejoice that day. Many fell into the jaws of the wild-beaſts. The hawk and the wolf tore the fleſh of the dead: they departed glutted with their prey. The blood of the Iriſh fell plentifully into the ocean, during the time of that ſlaughter.

* He means Harold Harfax king of Norway.—*Harfax* (ſynonymous to our Engliſh *Fairfax*) ſignifies *Fair-locks*.

We fought with ſwords, at the iſle of Onlug. The uplifted weapon bit the ſhields. The gilded lance grated on the mail. The traces of that fight will be ſeen for ages. There kings marched up to the play of arms. The ſhores of the ſea were ſtained with blood. The lances appeared like flying dragons.

We fought with ſwords. Death is the happy portion of the brave *; for he ſtands the foremoſt againſt the ſtorm of weapons. He, who flies from danger, often bewails his miſerable life. Yet how difficult is it to rouze up a coward to the play of arms? The daſtard feels no heart in his boſom.

* The northern warriors thought none were intitled to Elizium, but ſuch as died in battle, or underwent a violent death.

We fought with ſwords. Young men ſhould march up to the conflict of arms: man ſhould meet man and never give way. In this hath always conſiſted the nobility of the warrior. He, who aſpires to the love of his miſtreſs, ought to be dauntleſs in the claſh of arms.

We fought with ſwords. Now I find for certain that we are drawn along by fate. Who can evade the decrees of deſtiny? Could I have thought the concluſion of my life reſerved for Ella; when almoſt expiring I ſhed torrents of blood? When I launched forth my ſhips into the deep? When in the Scotiſh gulphs I gained large ſpoils for the wolves?

We fought with ſwords: this fills me ſtill with joy, becauſe I know a banquet is preparing by the father of the gods. Soon, in the ſplendid hall of Odin, we ſhall drink BEER * out of the ſculls of our enemies. A brave man ſhrinks not at death. I ſhall utter no repining words as I approach the palace of the gods.

We fought with ſwords. O that the ſons of Aſlauga † knew; O that my children knew the ſufferings of their father! that numerous ſerpents filled with poiſon tear me to pieces! Soon would

* BEER and MEAD were the only nectar of the northern nations. Odin alone of all the gods was ſuppoſed to drink WINE. *Vid. Bartholin.*

† Aſlauga was his ſecond wife, whom he married after the death of Thora.

they

they be here: ſoon would they wage bitter war with their ſwords. I gave a mother to my children from whom they inherit a valiant heart.

We fought with ſwords. Now I touch on my laſt moments. I receive a deadly hurt from the viper. A ſerpent inhabits the hall of my heart. Soon ſhall my ſons black their ſwords in the blood of Ella. They wax red with fury: they burn with rage. Thoſe gallant youths will not reſt till they have avenged their father.

We fought with ſwords. Battles fifty and one have been fought under my banners. From my early youth I learnt to dye my ſword in crimſon: I never yet could find a king more valiant than myſelf.

myſelf. The gods now invite me to them. Death is not to be lamented.

'Tis with joy I ceaſe. The goddeſſes of deſtiny are come to fetch me. Odin hath ſent them from the habitation of the gods. I ſhall be joyfully received into the higheſt ſeat; I ſhall quaff full goblets among the gods. The hours of my life are paſt away. I die laughing.

(III.)

THE RANSOME OF EGILL the SCALD.

INTRODUCTION.

" THE following piece is an il-
" luſtrious proof of the high re-
" verence in which poets and their art
" were held among the northern na-
" tions. It was compoſed by Egill a
" celebrated *Scald* or poet, who having
" received ſome injury from Eric Blo-
" dox king of Norway, had in revenge
" killed his ſon and ſeveral of his friends.
" Being afterwards ſeized in Iceland by
" Eric's queen, ſhe ſent him after her
" huſband into England; which he
" had juſt before invaded, and where
" he then had gained ſome footing.
" Though Egill had ſo highly exaſ-
" perated the king, he purchaſed his
" pardon by the poem, here tranſlated;

" which, notwithſtanding it is all in
" rhyme, and conſiſts of a great va-
" riety of meaſures; and tho' the ſtyle
" is uncommonly figurative, is ſaid to
" have been pronounced extempore in
" a full aſſembly of Eric and his
" chiefs."

Mallet Introd. a l'Hiſt. de Dannem. p. 247. *Olaij Worm. Lit. Run. p.* 195.

" The tranſlation is made from the
" Iſlandic original, publiſhed by Olaus
" Wormius in his *Literatura Runica,*
" 4*to. pag.* 227.

" N. B. In the following poem Eric
" is called THE ENGLISH CHIEF, in
" compliment to his having gained ſome
" footing in the kingdom of Northum-
" berland.

" berland.——He is alſo intitled THE
" COMMANDER OF THE FLEET OF
" SCOTS; from his having auxiliaries
" of that nation: it was uſual for the
" Scots to join the Danes &c. in their
" irruptions into the ſouthern parts of
" the iſland."

THE

THE RANSOME OF EGILL the SCALD.

I Came by ſea from the weſt. I bring in my boſom the gift of Odin. Thus was my paſſage: I launched into the ocean in ſhips of Iceland: my mind is deep laden with the ſongs of the gods.

I offer my freight unto the king: I owe a poem for my ranſome. I preſent to the Engliſh chief the ſongs of Odin. Renown is imperfect without ſongs. My lays reſound his praiſe; I

intreat his ſilent attention; while he is the ſubject of my ſong.

Liſten, O prince, that I may ſwell the ſtrain. If I can obtain but ſilence, many men ſhall know the atchievements of the king. Odin hath ſeen where the dead bodies lie.

The claſh of arms increaſed about the edges of the ſhield. The goddeſſes of war had required this of him. The king was impetuous: he was diſtinguiſhed in the tumult: a torrent flowed from his ſword: the ſtorm of weapons furiouſly raged.

The web of ſpears went furiouſly forward; thro' the reſounding ranks of ſhields; among the carcaſſes deſtined to glad

glad the eagles. The ſhip ſailed in a ſea of blood. Wounds reſounded on all ſides.

The feet of the warriors failed at the diſcharge of arrows. There Eric acquired deathleſs renown.

I ſhall proceed if the warriors will liſten: I have heard of all their glorious renown. The wounds boiled at the king's attack. The ſwords were broken againſt the azure ſhields.

The broken harneſs gave a craſh: the helmets flaſhed out fire. Sharp was the ſword: it was a bloody deſtroyer. I know that many warriors

fell before the ſpringing bow, in the play of weapons.

Then was there a devouring of ſpears, in the claſh of arms. There Eric acquired deathleſs renown.

The king dyed his ſword in crimſon; his ſword that glutted the hungry ravens. The weapon aimed at human life. The bloody lances flew. The commander of the Scotiſh fleet fed fat the birds of prey. The ſiſter of Nara* trampled on the foe: ſhe trampled on the evening food of the eagle.

* An Islandic phraſe for death, it alludes to the ancient northern mythology. See the EDDA, &c.

The

The beaked lances flew amidſt the edges of the ſword. The weapons accuſtomed to meaſure wounds were imbrued in blood. The wolf mangled the feſtering wounds. Over their prey the ravens tumultuouſly aſſembled.

The dreadful inundation overwhelmed the ſecure. Eric gave the dead bodies to the wolves in the ſea *.

Sharp was the flying dart: then peace was loſt. Bent was the bow; at which the wolf rejoiced. Broken were the lances. Sharp were the ſwords. The bow-ſtrings bare away the arrows.

* An Islandic phraſe for fiſhes of prey.

The valiant provoker of warlike play ſends the lances from his hand: he is prodigal of blood. It is poured forth on all ſides. The ſong flows from my heart. The expedition of Eric is celebrated thro' the eaſtern ocean.

The king bent his bow: the ſtinging arrows fly. Eric gave the dead bodies to the wolves in the ſea.

It remains that I diſtinguiſh among the warriors the ſuperior excellence of the king. My ſong will flow more rapid. He cauſes the goddeſs of war to watch upon his prow. He makes his ſhip to ſcate along the rough billows.

The

The king, who breaks the ſhower of arrows, abounds in wealth. The ſhield-rending warriors reſound his praiſe: the jocund mariners are gladdened with his gold: precious ſtones court the hand of the king.

There was no ſtanding for the deluge of blood. The drawn bow twangs: it ſends forth the arrow to meet the ſword. The king hath gained a firm poſſeſſion in his enemies land. Praiſe dwells beſide him.

The king hath been attentive to my lays ſuch as I could produce. I am happy that I could obtain a ſilent hearing. I have employed my tongue. I

have poured forth from my ſoul the ſongs of Odin in this ſplendid city.

I have publiſhed the praiſes of the king: I have broke through the fetters of ſilence: I have not feared to ſpeak in the aſſembly of warriors. I have poured forth from my breaſt the praiſes of Eric. They flowed forth that many might hear them.

May he abound in gold. May he enrich his ſubjects. May his fame be ſpread abroad. May all things ſucceed to the king's deſires *.

* The laſt ſtanza is in the orginal ſo highly figurative, and contains ſuch obſcure alluſions to the northern mythology, that it would only admit of a very looſe paraphraſe. That here given, is founded on the notes of Olaus Wormius. pag. 140.

THE

(IV.)

THE FUNERAL SONG OF HACON.

INTRODUCTION.

" HACON, the ſubject of the fol-
" lowing piece, was ſon of the ce-
" lebrated Harold Harfax, whoſe death
" is recorded in Regner's ode. He was
" the great hero of the Norwegians,
" and the laſt of their Pagan kings.
" Hacon was ſlain about the year 960
" in a battle with the Danes, in which
" eight of his brethren fell before
" him. Eyvindur his couſin, a famous
" ſcald, or poet, who was preſent
" at the battle, compoſed this poem
" to be ſung at his funeral.——What
" ſeems to have ſuggeſted the plan of
" the ode, was Hacon's ſurviving the
" battle, and afterwards dying of his
" wounds, which were not at firſt ap-
" prehended to be mortal. Although

" this

" this is not very clear from the hiſ-
" tory, ſomething of this kind muſt be
" underſtood, to render the poem in-
" telligible.

" To ſave the neceſſity of many
" notes, we muſt remind the Reader,
" that ODIN or WODEN was worſhip-
" ped in the northern nations, as the
" god of war, and as father of the
" other gods. Such as died in battle
" were believed to be received into the
" habitation of the gods, and there to
" feaſt and carrouſe full goblets of the
" northern nectar ALE and BEER; this
" place or Elizium was called *Valhall*
" or the hall of ſlaughter. To receive
" an invitation to *Valhall* or the palace
" of the gods meant the ſame as to re-
" ceive a death-ſummons.

" The

"The Islandic original of this poem
" is preſerved in Snorro Sturleſon's *Hiſt.*
" *Regum Septentrionalium*, folio. vol. 1.
" pag. 163. The Latin verſion of Pe-
" ringſkiold has been chiefly followed,
" except in ſome few places in which
" the preference was given to that of
" Bartholin in his *Cauſæ de contempt.*
" *a Danis mortis*, and to the French
" tranſlation of the Chev. Mallet in his
" *L'Edda, pag.* 159."

THE

THE FUNERAL SONG OF HACON.

GONDUL and Scogul, the goddeſſes of deſtiny, were ſent by Odin to chuſe, among the kings, one of the race of Yngvon, who ſhould go dwell with him in the palace of the gods.

They found the brother of Biorno putting on his coat of mail: that excellent king ſtood ready under the banner: the enemies fell; the ſword was brandiſhed; the conflict was begun.

The

The ſlayer of princes had conjured the inhabitants of Haleyg: he had conjured the inhabitants of the iſles: he went to the battle. The renowned chief had a gallant retinue of northern men. The depopulator of the Daniſh iſlands ſtood under his helmet.

The leader of the people had juſt before caſt aſide his armour; he had put off his coat of mail: he had thrown them down in the field a little before the beginning of the battle. He was playing with the ſons of renowned men, when he was called forth to defend his kingdom. The gallant king now ſtood under his golden helmet.

Then the ſword in the king's hand cut the coverings of braſs, as eaſily as

if

if it had been brandiſhed in water. The javelins claſhed together: the ſhields were broken: the arms reſounded on the ſculls of men.

The arms of Tyr, the arms of Bauga* were broke to pieces; ſo hard were the helmets of the northern warriors. They joined battle in the iſland Storda. The kings broke through the ſhining fences of ſhields: they ſtained them with human blood.

The ſwords waxed hot† in the wounds diſtilling blood. The long

* Tyr and Bauga were two ſubordinate gods of war: the expreſſion means no more than the *Martia tela* of Virgil.

† Or perhaps more literally, "burnt in the "wounds." One name for ſwords among the Runic poets is, "The fires of wounds," Latin *Vulnerum ignes.*

ſhields inclined themſelves over the lives of men. The deluge from the ſpears ran down the ſhore of Storda: there on that promontory fell the wounded bodies.

Wounds ſuffuſed with gore were received among the ſhields; while they played in the battle contending for ſpoil. The blood rapidly flowed in the ſtorm of Odin. Many men periſhed thro' the flowings from the ſword.

Then ſate the chiefs with their blunted ſwords; with broken and ſhattered ſhields; with their coats of mail pierced thro' with arrows. The hoſt no longer thought of viſiting the habitation of the gods.

When lo! Gondul leaned on her

lance and thus beſpake them, The aſſembly of the gods is going to be increaſed, for they invite Hacon with a mighty hoſt to their banquet.

The king heard what the beautiful nymphs of war, ſitting on their horſes, ſpake. The nymphs ſeemed full of thought: they were covered with their helmets: they had their ſheilds before them.

Hacon ſaid, Why haſt thou, O goddeſs, thus diſpoſed of the battle? Were we not worthy to have obtained a more perfect victory?——Thou oweſt to us, retorted Scogul, that thou haſt carried the field: that thy enemies have betaken themſelves to flight.

Scogul the wealthy * ſpake thus; Now we muſt ride through the green worlds of the gods, to tell Odin that the all-powerful king is coming to his hall; that he is coming to viſit him.

The father of the gods ſaid, Hermode and Brago, my ſons, go to meet the king: for now Hacon, the admired warrior, approacheth to our hall.

The king was now arrived from the battle, he ſtood all beſprinkled with blood and ſaid; Odin appeareth very ſevere and terrible: he ſmileth not upon my ſoul.

* The DESTINIES are called rich or wealthy, becauſe they finally inherit and poſſeſs all things.

Brago

Brago ſaid, Thou ſhall have peace here with all the heroes: drink ALE therefore with the gods. Thou deſtroyer of princes haſt here within eight brethren.

The good king anſwered; We will retain our arms *: the mail and helmet are carefully to be retained: it is good to have the ſword in readineſs.

Then was ſeen how religiouſly the king had performed all ſacred duties; ſince the great council of the gods, and all the leſſer divinities received Hacon among them with acclamations of welcome.

* Meaning that he would only enjoy warlike amuſements, for ſo they believed their heroes were employed in Elyſium.——It is probably a poetical inſinuation that he would have his arms buried with him.

That king is born on a fortunate day, who gains to himſelf ſuch favour from the gods. The age in which he hath lived ſhall ever be held in high remembrance.

The wolf Fenris *, freed from his chains, ſhall range through the world among the ſons of men, before ſo renowned and ſo good a king ſhall again tread the deſolate path of his kingdom.

Riches periſh: relations die: kingdoms are laid waſte. Let Hacon dwell with the magnificent gods: While many nations are plunged in grief.

* By the wolf Fenris, the northern nations underſtood a kind of demon or evil principle at enmity with the gods, who, tho' at preſent chained up from doing miſchief, was hereafter to break looſe and deſtroy the world. See the Edda.

THE

(V.)

THE COMPLAINT OF HAROLD.

INTRODUCTION.

" HAROLD, ſurnamed The Va-
" liant, lived about the mid-
" dle of the eleventh century, and was
" one of the moſt illuſtrious adventu-
" rers of his time. Piracy was con-
" ſidered among the northern nations,
" as the only road to riches and glory:
" in purſuit of theſe Harold had not
" only run thro' all the northern ſeas,
" but had even penetrated into the Me-
" diterranean, and made many ſucceſs-
" ful attempts on the coaſts of Africa
" and Sicily. He was at length taken
" priſoner and detained for ſome time
" at Conſtantinople. In this ode he
" complains that all the glory he had

" ac-

" acquired by ſo many exploits had not
" been able to move the heart of Eli-
" zabeth daughter of Jariſlaus king of
" Ruſſia.

" The following piece is only a frag-
" ment; for the ode originally conſiſt-
" ed of ſixteen ſtanzas: it is alſo much
" more modern than any of the former.
" It was notwithſtanding acceptable,
" as the ſubject of it turns upon the
" ſofter paſſions, and is not altogether
" taken up with blood and death and
" other images of horror, like the reſt.

" The original of this fragment is
" printed in Bartholin's excellent trea-
" tiſe intitled, *Cauſæ contemptæ a Da-*
" *nis mortis*, *4to* 1689. *p.* 54: where it
" is accompanied with a literal Latin
" ver-

" verſion, which we have chiefly fol-
" lowed, except in one or two paſſa-
" ges, where the preference ſeemed
" due to the French tranſlation of the
" Chevalier Mallet, publiſhed in his
" *L' Edda*, 4*to* 1755. Bartholin tells
" us he had the original out of an old
" Islandic hiſtory, intitled *Knitlinga*
" *Saga*."

THE

THE COMPLAINT OF HAROLD.

MY ſhip hath ſailed round the iſle of Sicily. Then were we all magnificent and ſplendid. My brown veſſel, full of warriors, rapidly ſkimmed along the waves. Eager for the fight, I thought my ſails would never ſlacken: And yet a Ruſſian maid diſdains me.

I fought in my youth with the inhabitants of Drontheim. They had troops ſuperior in number. Dreadful was the conflict. Young, as I was, I left their young

young king dead in the fight. And yet a Ruſſian maid diſdains me.

One day we were but ſixteen on ſhip-board: a tempeſt roſe and ſwelled the ocean. The waves filled the loaded veſſel: but we diligently cleared it. Thence I formed the brighteſt hopes. And yet a Ruſſian maid diſdains me.

I know how to perform eight exerciſes. I fight with courage. I keep a firm ſeat on horſeback. I am ſkilled in ſwimming. I glide along the ice on ſcates. I excell in darting the lance. I am dextrous at the oar. And yet a Ruſſian maid diſdains me.

What tender maid or widow can deny, that in the morning, when, poſted near

near the city in the ſouth, we joined battle; can deny that I bravely wielded my arms; or that I left behind me laſting monuments of my valour. And yet a Ruſſian maid diſdains me.

I was born in the uplands of Norway, where the inhabitants handle ſo well the bow. Now I make my ſhips, the dread of peaſants, ruſh among the rocks of the ſea. Far from the abode of men, I have plowed the wide ocean with my veſſels. And yet a Ruſſian maid diſdains me.

POSTSCRIPT.

POST-SCRIPT.

" In the preceding poem Harold " mentions EIGHT exerciſes, but enu- " merates only FIVE. If the Reader " is inquiſitive to know what thoſe are, " which he has omitted, he may col- " lect them from the following ancient " Runic verſes. Wherein a northern " hero is introduced boaſting of him- " ſelf,

Taſl em ek aurr at &c.

" I am maſter of nine accompliſh- ments. I play well at cheſs. I know how to engrave Runic letters. I am apt at my book; and know how to handle the tools of the ſmith. I tra- verſe

verſe the ſnow on ſcates of wood. I excell in ſhooting with the bow; and in managing the oar. I ſing to the harp; and compoſe verſes."

Olj. Wormij. Lit. Run. pag. 129.—*Barthol. Cauſæ &c. pag.* 420.

"We ſhall conclude this ſubject, "with a celebrated character from "the ancient chronicles of Norway. "viz."

"King Olaf Tryggeſon was ſtronger, more alert and nimble than any man of his time. He would climb the rock Smalſerhorn, and fix his ſhield on the top of it. He would walk without the boat on the oars while the men were rowing. He would play with

three darts at once; toſſing them up in the air, and always keeping two up, while one was down in his hand. He was ambi-dexter, and could uſe his weapon with both hands, and throw two javelins at once. He excelled all his men in ſhooting with the bow: And in ſwimming he had no equal."

See Pontoppidan's Hiſt. of Norway, pag. 248.

THE END.

THE

ISLANDIC ORIGINALS

Of the preceding

POEMS.

I.

THE ISLANDIC ORIGINAL OF THE INCANTATION OF HERVOR.

V. Hervarer Saga, Olaj Verelj. Upſal. 1672. fol. p. 91.

HERVOR.

VAkadnu Angantyr,
Vekur thig Hervor
Einka dotter
Yckar Suafu:
Sel thu mer ur hauge
Hardan mækir,
Than er Suafurlama
Slogu duergar.

Hervardur, Hiorvardur,
Hrani oc Angantyr,
Vek eg ijdr alla
Vidar under rotum,
Med hialmi oc briniu,
Oc huoſſu ſuerdi,
Raund oc reida,
Oc rodnum geiri.

Ero miog vordner
Andgryms ſyner
Mein-giarner ad
Molldar auka!
Ad eingi gior ſona
Eyvòr vid mig mæla
Ur munar heimi!
Hervardur, Hiorvardur.

Suo ſie ijdur aullum
Innan riſia
Sem er i maura
Mornid hangi,
Nema ſuerd ſelier,
Thad er ſlogu duergar
Samyra draugum;
Dyrt um fetla.

[*Ithui bili opnuduſt haugar, oc var alt ad ſia ſem logi eirn, oc tha var thetta quædid i hauge Angantyrs:*]

ANGANTYR.

Hervor dotter
Huij kallar ſuo,
Full feikiuſtafa,
Fer thu ad illu?
Od ertu ordin
Oc orvita
Vill-higgiandi
Vekia dauda menn.

Grofu mig ey fader
Nie frændur adrer.
Their haufdu Tirfing

Tueir er lifdu,
Vard tho eigandi
Einn af ſijdan.

HERVOR.

Satt mæler thu ecki.
So lati As thig
Heilan i haugi
Sem thu hafir eigi
Tirfing med thier.
Trautter thier ad veita
Arf Angantyr
Einka barne.

ANGANTYR.

Seige eg thier, Hervor
Thad vera mun,
Sa mun Tirfingur
(Ef thu trua mætter)
Ætt thinni nær
Allre ſpilla.
Muntu ſon gieta,
Thann ſijdar mun
Tirfing hafa,
Oc trua marger
Hann munu Heidrek
Heita lyder.

HERVOR.

Eg of-kingi
So virda dauda
Ad thier tholed
Alldrey kyrrer,
Nema Angantyr
Selier mier Tirfing,
Hlyfum hættan,
Hialmars bana.

ANGANTYR.

Mær qued eg unga
Monnum lijka,
Er um hauga
Huarlar à nottum,
Grofnum geiri
Med gotta malum,
Hialm oc briniu
Fyre hallar dyr.

HERVOR.

Madur thotter thu
Menſkur tilforna
Adur eg ſali
Ydra tok kanna:
Sel thu mier ur haugi
Than er hatar brinju
Duerga ſmidi:
Duger thier ey ad leina.

ANGANTYR.

Liggur mier under herdum
Hialmars bani,
Allur er han utan
Elldi ſueipinn.
Mey veit eg aungva
Molld à huorge
Er than hior thori
Hond i nema.

HERVOR.

Eg mun hirda
Oc i haund nema
Huaſſan mæki
Ef eg hafa gnædi.
Hygg eg eige
Elld brenna than
Er framlidnum firdum
Leikur uin ſioner.

ANGANTYR.

Heimſk ertu Hervor

Hugar eigandi,
Er thu ad augum
I elld hrapar,
Helldur vil eg ſuerd thier
Selia ur haugi,
Mær en unga,
Mun eg thig ey leina.

[Tha var ſuerd i hendi
Hervarar, oc quad hon:]

HERVOR.
Vel giorder thu
Vikings nidur
Er thu ſender mier
Suerd ur haugi:
Betur thikiumſt nu
Budlungur baſa
Enn eg Noreyge
Næde allre.

ANGANTYR.
Veiſtu ey ad
Uppſol ertu
Mala, ſiarad kona
Thui thu ſagna ſkalt.
Sa mun Tirfingur
(Ef thu trua nædur.)
Ætt thinni mær
Allri ſpilla.

HERVOR.
Eg mun ganga
Til gialfur-manna;
Hier mun ey mær
I hug godum.
Litt ræke eg thad
Lofdunga vinur
Huad ſyner miner
Sijdan deila.

ANGANTYR.
Thu ſkalt eiga
Oc unna leingi;
Hafdu ad huldu
Hialmars bana,
Taktu ad eggium,
Eitur er i badum,
Sa er mans matadur
Miklum verri.

HERVOR.
Eg mun hirda
Oc i haund nema
Huaſſan mæki
Er mig hafa latid:
Ugge eg eye thad,
Ulfa greinir,
Huad ſyner miner
Sijdan telia.

ANGANTYR.
Far vel dotter,
Fliott gief eg thier
Tolf manna fior,
Ef thu trua nædir,
Aſt oc eliom,
Alt bid goda
Er ſyner Angrynis
Epter leifdu.

HERVOR.
Bui thier aller,
Burt mun eg ſkiotla,
Heiler i hauge,
Hiedan fyſer mig.
Helſt thottunſt eg
Heima i mille
Er mig umbuerfis
Elldar brunnu.

II.

THE ISLANDIC ORIGINAL OF THE DYING ODE OF REGNER LODBROG.

V. Literatur. Runic. Olaj Wormij. Hafniæ 1636. 4to. p. 197.

BIARKAMAL
SEM ORTE REGNAR LODBROG.

Hiuggum vier med hiorve
Hitt var aei fyrer longu
Er a Gautlande geinkum
At graf vitins morde
Tha feinkum vier Thoru
Thadan heitu mig firdar
Er lingaulum lagdag
Lodbrok ad thui vige
Stak eg a ſtorear lykin
Stale biartra mala.

Hiuggum vier med hiorve
Helldur var ek ungur er feingum
Auſtur i Eirar Sunde
Undarm frekum varge
Og fatgulum fugle
Fengum vier thar er ſungu
Vid haſeymda hialma
Hard iarn mikils verdar
Allur var aegar ſolliam
Od rafa i valblode.

Hiuggum vier med hiorve
Hatt barum tha geira
Er tuituger toldunſt
Og tyr rudum vyda
Uunnum atta Jarla
Auſtur fyrer Thinu minne
Kera feigum tha gnoka
Giſting ad thui vike
Sueiti fiell i ſollium
Sae tynde lid aefe.

Hiuggum vier med hiorve
Hiedins kuonar vard andit
Tha er Helſinkin heimtum
Til heimſala Odins
Lokdum uppi ivu
Oddur naade tha byta
All var unda gialfre
Aſuer rodin heitu
Greniada brandur i brynu
Benſilldur klufu ſkylldi.

Hiuggum vier med hiorve
Hygg ek onguan tha ſlyde
Adur a hemlis heſtum

Heraudur i ſtyr ſielle
Klyfur ei aegis aundrum
Allur Jarlin faegre
Lunda voll til loegis
A langſkipum ſydan
Sa bar ſiklungur vida
Snart fram i ſtyr biarta.

Hiuggum vier med hiorve
Her kaſtade ſkialldum
Tha er braegagare rende
Reiſtur ad gunna brioſtum
Beit i Skarfua ſkerium
Shaeribildur at bialdri
Rodinn var randar mane
Adur Rafn kongur ſielle
Dreif ur holda hauſum
Heitum a brynniur ſueite.

Hiuggum vier med hiorve
Haft gatu tha rafnar
Fyrir In yndiris eium
Aerna braad ad ſlyta
Fengum falu heſtum
Fullann verd ad ſinne
Illt var eins ad geta
I uppruna ſolar
Strenghaumlur ſa eg ſtinga
Stak almur af ſier maalme.

Hiuggum vier med hiorve
Hett greniudu brottar
Adur a Ullar akre
Eiſteinn kongur ſielle
Geingum gulli faedur
Grandur vals ad braundum
Hraekindil ſneid randa
Ritur ad bialma mote
Snira virtur ur ſarum
Sueif of ſiarna kleifa.

Hiuggum vier med hiorve
Hofdum rendur i blode
Tha er benthuera braeddum
Fyrer Borgundar holme
Reggſky ſlitu rander
Ratt almur af ſier malme
Volnir ſiell at vige
Var at aei kongur meire
Val rak vitt um ſtrandir
Vargur ſagnade tafne.

Hiuggum vier med hiorve
Hilldur var ſynt i vebſte
Adur Freyr kongur ſille
A Flemingia lande
Nade blaer ad byta
Blode ſmelttur i gyltann
Hogna-kuſl ad hialldre
Hardur bengrefill fordum
Maer griet morgin ſkaeru
Morg en tafn gafſt vorgum.

Hiuggum vier med hiorve
Hundrudum ſa eg liggia
A eireis aundrum
Thar Aeinglanes heitir
Sigldum vier til ſnaeru
Sehs daegur adur lid ſielle
Allum odda miſſu
Fyrir upruna ſolar
Vard fyrir vorum ſuerdum
Valdiofur i ſtyr hniga.

Hiuggum vier med hiorve
Hrunde dogg af ſuerdum
Bryn i Bardafyrde
Bleikan na fyrir hauka
Umde almur thar oddar
Allſtrit bitu ſkyrtur
Ad ſlidur loga ſennu

Suolnis hatte thaefdar
Rende almur til unda
Eiturhuas drifium ſueita.

Hiuggum vier med hiorve
Hielldum hlakar tiolldum
Hatt ad hildur leike
Fyrir Hiadninga-vage
Sia maittu tha ſeggir
Er ſuerd rifu ſkioldu
At braefildur hialldre
Hialm ſlitnad ann gotna
Varat ſem biarta brude
I bing hia fier leggia.

Hiuggum vier med hiorve
Hard kom brid a ſkioldum
Naer fiell nidur til iardar
A Nordhumra-lande
Varat um eina ottu
Olldum thorf at flya
Hilldar leik thar er huaſſer
Hialm-tun bitu ſkiomar
Varat ſem unga ekkiu
I ondueige kyſſa.

Hiuggum vier med hiorve
Herthiofe vard audit
I ſuthur-eium fialſum
Sigurs a varum monnum
Vard i rauda regne
Raugnvalldur firir hniga
Sa kom haeſtur yfur hauka
Harmur ad ſuerda leike
Huaſt kaſtade hriſter
Hialms ſtrenglaugar palme.

Hiuggum vier med hiorve
Huor la thuer um anan
Gladur vard geira brydur
Gaukur at ſuerda leike
Liet ei aurn nie ylge
Sa er Irlande ſtyrde
Mot vard malms og ritar
Marſtan kongur faſta
Vard i Vedra-firde
Valtafn gefit hrafne.

Hiuggum vier med hiorve
Her margan ſa eg falla
Morgenſtund fyrir maeker
Mann i odda ſenniu
Syne minum hneit ſnemma
Slidra tharn vid hiarta
Eigill liet Agnar raentann
Oblaudann hal lyfe
Glumde geyr vid Hamdes
Grann ſerk bliku merke.

Hiuggum vier med hiorve
Halldarda ſa eg prytia
Eke ſmatt fyrir ulfa
Endils nidar brandum
Varat a vikar ſkeide
Sem vinkonur baere
Hrodin var aegis aſne
Ofar i dyn geyra
Skarin var ſkoglar-kapa
Att Skioldunga hialldre.

Hiuggum vier med hiorve
Harfagrann ſa eg rankua
Meiar dreng enn um morgum
Og malvin ekkiu
Varat ſem uormar laugur
Vinkiors niorun baere
Os i Ilaſunde
Adur Auru kongur fielle
Blud mana ſa eg breſta
Bra thad fira life.

Hiuggum vier med hiorve
Hadum ſuerds ad morde
Leik a Lindis eire
Vid lofdunga threinna
Faer nade thui fakna
Fiell margur i gynvarge
Haukur ſleit holld med ulfe
Ad hann heill thadann kuaemiſt
Ira blod i aege
Aerit fiell um ſkiru.

Hiuggum vier med hiorve
Ha ſuerd bitu ſkialldum
Tha er gullrodin glumde
Geir nid hildar naefre
Sia man i Onlugs eiu
Um alldur mega ſydan
Thar er at logdis leike
Lofdungar fram-geingu
Rodinn var ut fyrir eire
Ar flugdreke ſara.

Hiuggum vier med hiorve
Huad er drengur ad feigre
Ad hun i odda ele
Ondurdur latinn uerdi
Oft ſyter ſa aefe
Er alldrege neſter
Illt kueda arg ann eggia
Auru ad ſuerda leike
Hugblaudum keimur huorge
Hiarte ſit ad gagne.

Hiuggum vier med hiorve
Hit tel eg iafnt ad gange
At ſamtoger ſuerda
Sueinn i mote einum
Hrokkve ei thegn fyrir thegne
Thad var drengs adal leinge
Ae ſkal aſtuinur meia
Einardur i dyn ſuerda.

Hiuggum vier med hiorve
Hitt ſiuniſt mier raunar
At forlogom fylgium
Faar geingur um ſkop narva
Aige hugdak Ellu
At aldur-lage minu
Tha er eg blod vale braedda
Og bord a log keirdag
Vitt fengum tha varge
Verd i Skotlands fiordum.

Hiuggum vier med hiorve
Hit blaeger mig iafnam
Thad Balldur fadur bekke
Buna veit eg at ſumlum
Drekum BIOR *ad bragde*
Ur piukvidum hauſa
Syter ei drengur vid dauda
Dyrs ad Fiolins huſum
Ei kem ek med eidru
Ord till Vidris hallar.

Hiuggum vier med hiorve
Hier uilldu nu aller
Burer Aſlaugar brandum
Bitrum hillde vekkia
Ef vandlige viſſe
Um vidfarar oſſar
Hue o-faer ormar
Eitur follir mig ſlyta
Modernis fek eg minum
Maugum ſuo at hiartun duga.

Hiuggum vier med hiorve
Hardla lidur at arfue

Grimt ſtendur grand af
nodru
Goinn bigger ſal hiarta
Vaentum hins ad Vidris
Vandur i Ellu blode
Sonum minum mune ſuella
Sin modur rodinn verda
Ei munu ſnarper ſueinar
Sett kyrt vera lata.

Hiuggum vier med hiorve
Hef eg ſimtigum ſinna
Folk orvſtur framdar
Fleindings bode og eina
Minſt hugde eg manna
At mier vera ſkyllde
Ungur nam eg odd at rioda
Annar kongur fremre
Os munu Aeſar bioda
Er ei ſytande daude.

Fyſumſt hins at haetta
Heimbiode mier Dyſir
Sem fra Herians hallu
Hefur Odinn mier ſendar
Gladur ſkaleg OL *med Aſum*
I ondvege dreka
Lifs eru lidnar ſtunder
Laegiande ſkal eg deia.

III.

THE ISLANDIC ORIGINAL

OF THE

RANSOME OF EGILL THE SCALD.

V. Literatur. Runic. Olaj Wormij Hafniæ 1636, 4to. p. 227.

HOFUDLAUSTI
EIGILS SCALLAGRYMS SONAR ISLANDSK KAPPA.

I. Viiſa.

VEſtur kom eg um ver
Enn eg Vidris ber
Munſtrindar mar
So er mitt offar
Dro eg eik a flot
Vid Iſabrot
Hlod eg maerdar liit
Minis knarrar ſkut.

II.

Bydunſt hilmer hlod
Nu a eg hrodrar quod
Ber eg Odins miod
A Eingla beod
Lof at viiſa vann
Vyſt maere eg dann
Hliods bidium hann
Duiat hrodur of fann.

III.

Hygg viiſer at
Vel ſomer that
Hue eg thylia fat
Ef eg thogn of-gat
Fleſtur madur of-fra
Huad fylker va
Enn vidrer ſa
Huar valur um la.

IV.

Ox hiorva hlom
Vid hlyfar drom
Gudur vox um gram
Gramur ſogte fram
Thar heirdiſt tha
Thaut maekirs a
Malmbrydar ſpa
Su er meſt of-la.

V.

Var at villuſtadar
Vefur daradar
Of grams gladar
Geir vangs radar
Thars i blode
I brimla mode
Flauſter of drunde
Und um glumde

I. Stef.

Hnie firda ſit
Vid ſleinahnit
Ordſtyr of-gat
Eirikur at that

Nu hefir annat Stafiamal.

I.

Fremur mun eg ſeigia
Ef firdar theikia
Fragum ſleira
Til frama theira
Aiſtuſt under
Vid iofurs ſunder
Bruſtu brander
Vid blar rander.

II.

Hlam hryn ſodull
Vid hialmrodull
Beit benkrefill
Thad var blodrefill
Fra eg ad felle
Firer fetils ſuelle
Odins eike
I iarn leike

Annad ſtaf.

Tha var odda-at
I eggia gnat
Ordtyr of-gat
Eirekur at that

Thridia ſtefiamal.

I.

Raud hilmer hior
That var hrafn-agior
Fleinn hitte fior
Flugu dreyrug ſpior
Ol Flagds gota
Tharbiodur ſkota
Trad nift Nara
Nattuerd ara.

II.

Flugu hialldurs tranar
Um hiors lanar
Varu blode vanar

Ben-mal-granar
Tha er oddbrekke
Sleit und-freke
Gniide hrafne
O hufudtafne

Thridie ſtef.

Kom grydar ſkiae
A galfrar lae
Baud ulfur hrae
Eirikur um ſae

Fiorda ſteſiamal.

I.

Beit ſlenn ſloginn
Tha var fridur loginn
Var almur dreiginn
Thui vare ulfur feiginn
Bruſtu broddar
Bitu oddar
Baru horvar
Af bokum orvar

II.

Verpur broddſlete
Med baugſete
Hiorleik huate
Hann er blodſkate
Throaſt hier ſem huar
Hugat maele eg thar
Freitt er auſtur um mar
Eireks op far

Fiorda ſtef.

Jofur ſueigder
Hrunu unda br
Baud ulfum hrae
Eirikur um ſae

Fimta ſteſiamal.

I.

Enn mun eg vilia
Fra verium ſkilia
Skafleik ſkata
Skal maerd huata
Laetur ſnot-faka
Um ſud fri vaka
Enn ſkers aka
Skyd geirs braka

II.

Brytur bog huita
Biodur bram thuita
Muna hodd-ofa
Hring briotar lofa
Gladdiſt flotnafiol
Vid froda miol
Miok er hilme fol
Haukſtrandar mol.

III.

Stodſt folk eigu
Firer fior leige
Gall r boge
Ad eggtoge
Verpur af brondum
Enn Jofur lodum
Helldur Hornkloſe
Hann er naeſtur loſe

Alyktan drapunnar.

I.

Jofur eigge at
Hue eg dylia fat
Gott dottunſt that
Er eg thagn ofgat
Hraerda eg munne
Af munar grunne
Odins aege a Jorufaegr

II.

Bar eg theingils lof
A thagnar rof
Kan eg maela miot
I manna fiot
Or blatra ham
Hradar ber eg gram
Sa for that fram
Ad fleſtur opnam

Nu fylger oſkan a efter
Niota bauga
Sem brage auga
Vagna vara
Edur vile tara.

IV.

THE ISLANDIC ORIGINAL OF THE FUNERAL SONG OF HACON.

V. Snorro Sturleſon Hiſt. Regum Septentrion. fol. pag. 163.

HACONARMAL

" Eyvindur Scalldaſpillir orti quæthi eitt um fall Hæconar kongs, oc ſua that hueriſo honum var fagnat i Valholl; that ero kollut HACONARMAL, oc er thettæ upphaf." *Snorro Sturleſ. Hiſt.*

GAundul ok Skogul
Sendi Gauta Tyr
At kioſa um konga,
Huer Yngva cettar,
Skylldi meth Othni fara,
I walholl at vera.

Brothur ſundo thær Biornar
I Brinio fara
Kong hinn kozſama,
Kominn und Gunnſana,
Drupto Dolgar,
Enn Darrathur briſtiz
Upp var tha hyldur oſhæfinn.
Het a Haleygi,
Sems a Halmrhygi,
Jarla Einbani,
For til Oroſtu,
Gott haſthi hinn gaufgi
Geingi Northmanna,
Eythir eythana
Stoth und Ar-hialmi.

Hrauthz or Herrvathom,

Hratt a voll Brynio,
Viſi verthungar,
Athur til Vigs tæki,
Lek vith Liothmaugo,
Skylthi land verja,
Gramur hinn glathveri,
Stoth und Gullhialmi.

Sua beit tha Suerth,
Or Siklings Hendi,
Vathir Vafathar,
Sem i Vatni brigthi,
Brokotho Broththar,
Brotnotho Skilder,
Glumrotho Glymringar,
I Gotna Hauſom.

Tränthhoz Taurgur,
Fyrir Tys ok Bauga,
Hialta Harthfotom,
Hauſi Northmanna,
Roma varth i Eyjo,
Rutho Kongar,
Skirar Skiald borgir,
I ſtatna Blothi.

Brunno Beneldar,
I blothgom undom,
Luta Lang-barthar,
At Litha Fiorvi,
Suarathi ſargymir
A ſuertha neſi
Fell floth fleina,
I fioro Storthar.

Blenthuz vith rothnar,
Vuthir Ranthar Himni,
Skoglar vethur
Leko vith ſkys um bauga,
Umtho Oththlar
I Othins vethri,
Hneig margt Manna;
Fyri Mækis Straumi.

Sato tha Doglingar,
Meth Suerth umtoginn,
Meth ſcartha Scioltho,
Oc ſcotnan Brynjor,
Vara ſa Herr,
I Hugom,
Er atti til Valhallar vega.

Gaunthul that mællti,
Studdiz Geir ſcapti;
Vex nu Geingi Gotho,
Er Haconi hafa,
Meth Her micinn,
Heimbauth umbothit.

Viſir that heyrthi
Huath Valkyrior,
Mælto mærar,
Af Mars Baki;
Hyggilega leto,
Oc bialmathar ſtotho,
Oc hoſthoz Hlifar for.

Hvi thu ſua (quath Ha-[con)
Gunni Sciptir,
Geirſcaugol vorom, [thom;
Tho verthor gagns fra Go-
Ver thui vaullthom (quath
Scaugol)
Er thu velle hellz
Enn thinir ſianthur flugo.

Ritha vit nu ſculom,
Quath hin rika Scaugol,
Grona Heima Gotha,
Othni at ſeiga

Her mun Allvallthur koma,
Oc hanu ſialfann at ſia.

Hermothor oc Bragi,
Quath Hropta Tyr,
Gangit i gogn Grami,
Thui at Kongur fer ſa,
Er Kappi thickir,
Til Hallar hinnig

Ræſir that mællti,
Var fra Romo kominn,
Stoth allur i drora driſinn;
Illuthigur mioc,
Thykir oſs Othinn vera,
Siam ver um hann hugi.

Einheria Grith,
Thu ſcallt allra haſa,
Thigg thu at Aſum Ol
Jarla Bagi
Thu att inni her
Atta Brothur, quath Bragi.

Gerthar varar,
Quath hinn gothi kongur,
Viljom ver ſialfar haſa,
Hialm oc Brynio
Scal hyrtha vel,
Gott er til Geirs at taca.

Tha that kynthiz,
Hue ſa kongur baſthi,
Vel of thyrmt Veom,
Er Hacon batho,
Heilann kema,
Rath oll oc Reginn.

Gotho dogri
Verthur ſa Gramur um borinn,
Er ſer getur ſlican ſeſa,
Hanns alldar,
Ae mun vera.
At gotho getit.

Mun obunthinn,
A yta Siot,
Fenris Ulfur fara,
Athur iafn gothur
A autha tranth,
Kongs Mathur komi.

Deyr ſe
Deyia frænthur
Eythiz Land oc Lath,
Sizt Hacon,
Meth Heythin Goth,
Morg er thioth um thiath.

[A different copy of part of the above poem, containing many variations, may be found in Bartholin's *Cauſæ contemptæ a Danis mortis.* Lib. 2. Cap. 11. p. 520.]

V.

THE ISLANDIC ORIGINAL OF THE COMPLAINT OF HAROLD.

V. Bartholin. de cauſis contemptæ a Danis mortis. Hafniæ 1689. pag. 154.

" *I theſſum ferdum orti Haralldr gamanviſur, ok ero xvj ſaman, ok eitt nidrlag at ollom, tho ero herfar ritnar.*" *Knitlinga Saga.*

SNeid fyrir Sikeley vida
Sud varum tha prudir
Brunn ſkreid vel til vanar
Vengis hiortr und drengium
Vætti ek midr at motti
Muni enn thannig renna
Tho lætr gerdr i gordum
Gollbrings vid mer ſkolla

Fundr var theſs at thrændir
Their hofdu lid meira
Vard ſu er ver of giordum
Viſt errilig ſnerra
Skildumz ungr vid ungan
All valld i ſtyr fallinn
Tha let gerdr i gordum
Gollbrings vid mer ſkolla.

Senn ioſum ver ſuanna
Sextan tha er brin vexti
Dreif a hladna hufa
Hum i fiorum rumum
Vietti ek minnr at motti
Muni enn thinnig nenna
Tho lætr gerdr i gordum
Gollbrings vid mer ſkolla.

Ithrottir kann ek atta
Ygs fet ek lid at ſmida
Færr er ek hvaſt a heſti
Hefik ſund numit ſtundum
Skrida kann ek a ſkidum
Skyt ek ok ræk ſva at nytir
Tho lætr gerdr i gordum
Gollbrings vid mer ſkolla.

Enn munat Eckia
Ung ne mær at værim
Thar er giordum ſuip ſuerda
Sudr i borg um morgin.
Ruddumz um med oddi
Eru merki thar verka
Tho lætr gerdr i gordum
Gollbrings vid mer ſkolla.

Fæddr var ek thar alma
Upplendingar bendu.
Nu læt ek vid ſker ſkolla
Skeidr bummonum leidar
Vitt heſi ek ſizt ytum
Eigard ſkotid bardi
Tho lætr gerdr i gordum
Gollbrings vid mer ſkolla.

THE ISLANDIC ORIGINAL
of the VERSES quoted pag. 10.

—Bith ofur capp,
Auſtur konga,
Sigars io,
Er eynar Yngva,
Menglaututh
Bith meith reitho,
Binga meithur,
Thar er vikur deilir;
Thar er Fiolkunnur,
Um fylkis hror,
Steine merktur,
Straumeyiar nes.

Oc nareithur
A neſe druther,

Snorro Sturls. Hiſt. p. 28.

THE ISLANDIC ORIGINAL
of the VERSES quoted pag. 80.

Taſl em ek aurr at eſla,
Ithrottir kann ek niu,
Tyni ek tradla runum,
Tid er mer bok, ok ſmider,
Skrida kann ek a ſkidum,
Skyt ek, ok ræ ſuo nytir,
Huort veggia kann ek hyggiu
Harpſlatt ok brag thatta.

Ol. Wor. Lit. Run. p. 129. Barth. Cauſ. &c. p. 420.

ADDITION to pages 9, 10.

Since the foregoing ſheets were printed off we have met with a paſſage in Olaus Wormius's *Monumenta Danorum*, which ſeems to clear up the difficulty. This accurate writer, obſerves that it was the general practice with the ancient Danes to bury their dead in open plains under hillocks of earth, which they frequently alſo ſurrounded with circles of large ſtones: yet acknowledges that inſtead of ſtones theſe *barrows* or *tumuli* are ſometimes found incircled with large trees, diſpoſed with great exactneſs; and that theſe are ſuppoſed to be the ſepulchres of kings.—"*Interim diſſimulare non poſſum, colles et tumulos ejuſmodi etiam in planis reperiri, grandibus undique in coronam cinctos arboribus, fagis, quercubus, aliiſque lapidum vices ſuſtinentibus, ſtudio et arte eleganter diſpoſitis: in quibus regum humata eſſe cadavera credunt.*"

Mon. Dan. Hafn. 1643. folio. p. 38.

FINIS.

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